

[Interview with Vito Cacciola #52]

ORIGINAL MSS. OR FIELD NOTES (Check one)

PUB. Living Lore in

New England

TITLE Italian Cobbler, Beverly - #52

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DATE 3/18/39 WDS. PP. 5

CHECKER DATE

SOURCES GIVEN (?) Interview

COMMENTS

[?] Paper No. 52

Interview

with

Vito Cacciola

. . .

by

Merton R. Lovett

. . .

“As well as remembered.”

Interview with Vito Cacciola

by Merton R. Lovett

. . .

(From memory)

“You speaka about court, Mr. Lovett. Next week I may bea there. I expecta de come-ons, — no, whata you call it? Thatsa right — summons.

“O.K. I explaina. It has all happened since a leathEr salesmen cheata me. One day he was in de shop. We talka about sales and many other things. I tella him I need-ed a new work coat. I was weara de old one, which hava many holes and was soil-ed.

“De salesman says: ‘Vito, I will doa for you de favor with gladness. I can eta de new coat cheap. It will wear lika iron and locka most nice.’

“How much will it cost, I aska him.

“Ah!’ he replya, ‘to please de good customer lika you, I will giva it away at de wholesale price. It is only \$2.00.’

“No, Mr. Lovett, \$2.00 does not sounda cheap. My goodness, I buya several for that price, which suita me fine. But de leather salesman claima his coat will be de super coat, made a special for me by de tailor. He taka my sizes with de tape measure.

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"Hah! Hah! He saya my shape is most unusual. De shoulders was so wide as athletics. My arms he discover was short, My waist, he saya, was larger size lika wrestler. I ama five feet and four inches tall. I upseta de scales with one hundred and ninety two pounds. Would you guessa I weigh-ed so much? No? Well it is because my flesh, it is hard. Feela my arm.

"Yes, I buya de work costo, Lika fool. I paya in devance. it arrived by mail.

"Was I suited? I shoula saya not. I ama most unsuit-ed, that crooke fool-ed me much. By jingo, I showa you.

"Is it not terrible?

"So you laugh, Mr. Lovett? I nota laugh. I geta shame and rage. It maka me look like hipponoceros in de circus. I does not beara such desults with smile.

"Why, de salesman saya that also. 'Vito' he tella met, 'if you sewa back de sleeveos, turna up de bottom and maka some room in de middle, It will fita you like glove.'

"What did I replya? I calla him de damn cheata and many other desultine names. I rag-ed more because de cloth It is bad. Looka at it. It will not weara long. It cannot 3 endura de wash. And seea here, de snaps what holda it are sew-ed on de wrong side up. De coat will not remains closed

"What does you thinka? No! In course I does not paya him. By gracious, he must whistle without the money. "He cannot cheata Vito with safety. I punisha him already.

"How? I owa to him for leather \$4.60 cents. I giva to him \$2.60 and de coat. I saya, now we is squara.

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"No, he gets angry. He says, 'You maka de bargain. Now you must lay in it. He adda de command for \$6.60.

"Hah! Hah! Never will I paya him. I will showa to de Judge what that cheata do.

"Yes, he saya to paya him all today or' I sue you.'

"I saya with firmness, 'Geta de Hell out of my shop. Talka no more, else I maka you dumb with hammer.' By damn, I forgeta my religion.

"No, he does not senda to me de come-ons to court yet, I expecta it.

"So you do not think he will maka good de threat. But just imagina if he does. What will I doa?

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"You mill go to de court with me, Mr. Lovett? I thanka you with all my heart.

"What, you does not noeds thanks? Why does you not?

"You thinks it will be worth ten dollars to seea me show to de judge that bums coat?

"Hah! Hah! Mr. Lovett, you thinka de Judge also will laugh, when be seea me in de cost retired?

But many Judges never maka laugh. They lacka de wit and understanding heart.

"Then you will taka my picture and sella it to funny paper to pays de bill? Ha, you is de joker, Mr. Lovett, but I fella reliev-ed already."

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"I cannot laya de music today. There is de funeral in house nexta door. I showa to them respect.

"It was most sad. De boy was so nica. He hava also much talent.

"His mother in sicka from grief. I talka with her and saya prayer. I tella her de Good Lord knowa what is best.

"It taka much faith to accepta such loss. It is de great pity. Some day she will foola again peace. It will taka de long time.

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"De Lard giva to us great gifts. He giva us health, friendship, de happy heart, de depreciation for music, faith and hope. He also giva death which is often de most precious gift.

"Let me explaina. That boy, perhaps death releasa him fram cruel fate. He would hava many disappointments. He might catcha sin. It is possible be would become gangster. Than he would missa Heaven. Now he in sure to goa there."

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